"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 6.—VOL. XV.] JUNE, 1871. [PRICE 1½d.

LOOKING ON THE DARK SIDE.

"TALK about being cheerful and happy when the bottom is falling out of everything!" said mother, as she laid down her knitting and wiped her spectacles with one corner of her apron. "No wonder Job is held up to us as such a paragon of patience, but I doubt if any one else ever had the grace given him to endure all manner of torments as he had, yet I sometimes think his troubles were no more for him to bear than mine are for me.

"There is your father, who works from morning until night, barely earning enough to keep body and soul together; but work he will at something; one might as well attempt to stop the wind from blowing as to stop father from working.

"For my part I am tired of work; there is neither rest nor comfort in this world for me. I have made up my own bed these forty-seven years, and toiled all my life; and what has it amounted to? We own a house and some land, it is true, but what is that compared with the millions of acres in the world, and with all its mines of gold and silver? It is astonishing to think how little we possess. But your father says we ought to be thankful for the little we have. I do try to be so, but sometimes it appears a very little to be thankful for. We have our health and reason, it is true, but then we need something more—at least I do.

"There is the winter's coal to lay in, but where is the money to come from? And last year's doctor's bill, who is going to pay that? And the pew-rent? And where is our bread and butter coming from all the while? Father would say, 'Keep your shoulder to the wheel, and trust in Providence;' but when I try to trust in Providence it is with so much doubt and trembling that I fear there is very little trust about it after all.

"Your father never seems to realise our situation; he comes home at night with the few shillings that he has earned, and hands them to me with as much satisfaction as if they were so many pounds. If at any time we fail to meet our expenses, instead of fretting and complaining about it as I do, he will look provokingly cheerful and say, 'Never mind, mother, never mind, hope for the best. It is a long lane that has no turning.' As if I hadn't been hoping and hoping all the days of my life! And as to the turn in our lane, it is so hedged in with thickets and briers that I gave up looking for it long ago.

"Then to see your father sit down to our supper of bread and milk, and ask a blessing with as much fervour as if a roast turkey were steaming on the table before him! If I utter a word of complaint, he will answer, 'Tut, tut, mother! we are only commanded to pray for our daily bread, and what we have is a great deal better than none. You know it is against nature to be satisfied in this world, and it is all for the best that we do not get every thing we want.' I believe that myself; but I feel that it wouldn't hurt any body if I had things sometimes a little more my own way.

"Not longer ago than last summer I hired old Pete, the gardener, to set out a bed of sage for me, thinking to realise therefrom enough to purchase a new apron, if nothing more; but no sooner had the leaves begun to sprout than a drought came on, and I had to stand by it from June until August with a tub of water and watering-pot to keep it alive. And this summer we have had so much rain that I have been obliged to put an awning over it to prevent it being washed away, root and stem. As to my apron, it is in the shop to this day, and likely to remain there for aught I know.

"There is our orchard, too, which should have brought us in twenty pounds at least, and there are not apples enough on the trees to make a good sized dumpling; while Mr. Sills has sold thirteen pounds worth off one tree. Now I should like to know why we cannot have apples as well as Mr. Sills. Even the pumpkin, that was planted near the well, was possessed to run over the fence into neighbour Dean's garden; yesterday, to my great astonishment, I saw a pumpkin there the size of a bushel basket, and upon inquiring I learned that it was growing on our plant.

"'Isn't it a beauty?' exclaimed Mrs. Dean; 'we are going to send it to the agricultural show, and have no doubt but it will take the prize.' I saw her mind was set upon it, and as possession is nine points of the law, I said no more but walked away, fully determined that the next pumpkin planted in our garden should be trained in the way it should go.

"But your father never seemed vexed with anything of this kind, nor once speaks of the troubles of the day. At night he will lie down to sleep, and wake in the morning as lively and cheery as a cricket; while I can scarcely sleep at all, pondering over the troubles of yesterday, and wondering what will come on the morrow. He is always so hopeful, too. No matter if the larder is empty he will talk about the goodness of Providence, and its loving care for us, until one would actually suppose that, like a nest of young birds, all we had to do was to open our mouths and they would be filled.

"If I remind him that the flour barrel is empty, and express any doubts as to how it is to be replenished, he will nod his head with seeming assurance and say, 'Never mind, mother; it will all come right; I hope we'll weather it through somehow. Never have wanted for bread yet, have we?' I must confess that we never have, but who knows how soon we may? I like to see my grain growing in the summer; then I know there is a prospect of having bread in the winter.

"I remember one day when your brother was a little boy—dear child! he is well enough to do now, thank fortune!—we had nothing in the house to eat but some bread and potatoes. After he had partaken of these for breakfast and dinner, he went about the house singing these words:

"What do you think we'll have for supper?
What do you think we'll have for supper?"

"I remember the circumstance as well as if it were yesterday—your father says that I always remember the dark days. The words of that song went right to my heart. I was busy sewing, but somehow I could not see to take another stitch, and the work dropped from my hands upon the floor.

"Just then your father entered the room, and with one glance he seemed to comprehend it all.

"'Why, Polly!' he exclaimed, 'what on earth ails you? Borrowing more trouble? Is not our Johnny as fat and rosy as a red russet? Nothing like good potatoes and bread to make bone and sinew! Why, that boy will make a singing-master yet; his lungs are in a splendid condition!'

"At which he chucked me under the chin, and went out of the house looking as happy as if we had everything to our hearts' content. To be sure we had something more than bread and potatoes for supper, as that afternoon the doctor's wife brought Johnny a large plum-cake. But how did I know that Johnny would have a cake for supper?

"Then yesterday, when Parson Giles called, I had on the new cap your Aunt Harriet gave me—goodness knows it is seldom that I wear it, for I never expect to have another—and I thought if he should notice it, he will think I might better have saved the money it cost and paid our pew-rent; so I told him how poorly things were going on with us. After I had entertained him a long time with our troubles, he leaned his face on his gold-headed cane, and remarked:

"'Well, sister, you must remember that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and perhaps that is the reason why you have so many crosses to bear.'

"He then arose slowly from his seat, walked out to his carriage, and drove away.

"I followed him to the gate, where I stood looking after him, while the dust rolled back upon me like a dark cloud, and I could not help thinking: 'Well, parson, if what you say is true, Heaven have mercy upon your soul; for if you are a good man, I should like to know why you don't merit a little chastisement as well as myself!'

"Returning into the house, I mentioned

my thoughts to your father, who seemed quite shocked, and asked 'If I would be willing to exchange places with the parson ?'

"The idea of exchanging places with that poor consumptive old widower ! His every chick and child under the ground, and the spiritual welfare of a large congregation resting upon his shoulders. Mercy on us ! I should go crazy at once.

"Your father has such strange ways of reasoning. He often tells me that 'I am like Israel of old, always looking back and longing for the fleshpots of Egypt; and that he has been obliged to carry me upon his shoulders ever since we were married ; that I could never catch a glimpse of anything in the dark.' No wonder, for our pathway through life has always been as dark as a railway tunnel. Your father could always see a light ahead, but I never could.

"Then I have so little faith in anything ! Even when I attempt to pray, my prayers never seem to reach any higher than the housetop. If by chance they ascend a little farther, one breath of east wind will drive them back down the chimney to die out on the hearth with the expiring embers.

"But who is this at the door with a letter ? It was only yesterday that I was wondering if anybody would ever write to us again.

"Why, bless my heart, children ! your father's half-brother Nathaniel is dead ! Well, I wonder that he did not die long ago, going off alone to live among wild beasts and fever and ague. Better have stayed at home and earned a decent living ; but as father says, people are never satisfied in this world.

"But what does this mean ? Two thousand pounds bequeathed to your father and me ! Two thousand pounds in the hands of the executors awaiting our disposition ! Do wipe my specs, children ; I must be seeing double ! Well it must be so ; but I don't believe we shall ever get a shilling of it ! The banks will break, or stocks fall, or some plaguy thing happen before it ever reaches our pockets !

"Two thousand pounds bequeathed to us ! Well, well—what will your father say now ?"

"I fear no good will come to us when our neighbours know we have got it. If we ever get it they will try to rob us of it."

ON DIFFICULTIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

When the translator has done his part in the New Testament, and rendered every sentence faithfully into plain English, there still remains much for the commentator to do. There are many passages that cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of the ancient languages and of the ancient manners and customs. Of these we will give a few examples. When we are told in Ephesians iv. 26, "Be angry and sin not," the Apostle only meant to say, "When ye are angry, then sin 'not.'" Though he was writing in Greek he was using a Hebrew mode of expression. The Greek is an exact language, and, therefore, the translator must render it as he finds it, as if the Apostle had given two commands, first, "Be angry;" and, secondly, "Sin not." Had the Apostle written the same words in Hebrew, which is a less exact language, the translator would without hesitation have rendered it, "Should ye be angry, then sin not." In the same way the words in Matthew xi. 25, "I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes," simply means, because though hiding them from the wise and prudent thou hast revealed them unto babes.

Another Hebrew mode of speaking, which shows itself in one place in the New Testament, arises from the Eastern custom of using bold figures of speech and strong poetical expressions which we exact Europeans cannot but call exaggerations. Thus, in the history of the temptation, Matthew iv. 2, we read that Jesus, after fasting forty days and forty nights, was at last hungry. Now, whether the writer meant this for a real history or for a parable, in either case, he only meant us to understand, "after fasting a very long time." In support of this, we may quote the book of Job, where the writer says, that Job's three friends, on coming to see him, sat down upon the ground for seven days and seven nights before they began to speak to him. This is the Eastern method of expressing the respectful behaviour of Job's friends towards him in his affliction. Let us suppose that, as Arabs of the desert at the present day would do, they sat in silence for twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour before they began to speak.

Among the words which need explaining is the word "prophet," which means less often a man who could fortel a future event, than a poet or a ready speaker. Thus, in Acts xv. 32, Judas and Silas are called prophets, or ready speakers. And in 1 Cor. xii. 28, when Paul mentioned the qualifications of the different members of the Church, he says that some are prophets or preachers; and, whereas it was customary with the Jews to keep their heads covered in the synagogue, he says in 1 Cor. xi. 4, that it is not becoming in a man to prophesy or preach with the head uncovered. So Paul in Titus i. 12, calls a pagan poet a prophet.

SPEAK THOU THE TRUTH.

BY THE LATE DEAN ALFORD.

SPEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set his thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain;"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on; thou hast the rock,
Thy foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand:

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

THE YOUNG THEOLOGIAN.

No. I.

"MOTHER, they say I am a Unitarian at school, and they laugh at me and call me 'Unit,'" said a young boy of ten years of age who had just been placed by his widowed mother at the grammar school of a country town.

"Well, my boy," answered the mother, "there is no disgrace in the name either of Unitarian or Unit, although they differ not a little in reality. You know you attend a different place of worship from your young companions. Many of them go to the Established Church, others to the Independent, and others to the Methodist chapels."

"Well, mother, what is the difference between them all?"

"Some differ in belief; others in the manner of conducting the service; and others in the mode of managing the affairs of the church to which they belong."

"If I am to be a parson I think I ought to know about these things, shouldn't I, mother?"

"Yes, surely; but I did not think of introducing you to this kind of knowledge while you are so young. However, if you will listen attentively, and try to understand what I say, I will give you an account of the belief taught in these various places of worship, as far as it lies in my power."

"Very well, mother. Every Sunday afternoon I will try to learn about one church or chapel. Which will you begin with?"

"I think I had better begin with our own, to find out if you really understand what I have taught you since you were a very little boy."

"Oh, I know all about that, mother. We believe in one God, the Creator and Father of all men, and in Jesus Christ, who was the Messiah, or sent of God. Christ taught whatever is necessary to be known for our salvation, above all the duty of self-sacrifice, when he consented to be crucified at Jerusalem. All we have we owe to the Father Almighty; all we know concerning our conduct in this life, and our reward in the future, can be learnt in the teachings of Christ the Lord. I remember you made me learn those words once, and I have never forgotten them. Why don't all people think the same, if they read

the Bible as you have read it with me, and think and talk about it?"

"Different people have different thoughts on the same subject, my boy. We could not force any one to think like ourselves if we tried all our lifetime. The Old and New Testaments were written in different languages to our own—the Old in Hebrew, which was the language of the Jews, to whom it chiefly relates, and the New Testament in Greek, which was the best language of the time in which it was written."

"I should like to learn Hebrew and Greek, to read the Scriptures in those languages."

"If you become a minister, it will be necessary you should study those languages with the greatest care. Some words in the Bible have many meanings attached to them, and great judgment is required in choosing the right interpretation."

"What is interpretation?"

"To interpret a word is to show its right meaning; it may be when translating a foreign language, or in considering the hidden meaning of our own. Ministers of the Word of God are the interpreters of God's will to us. They require to be learned and clever men in order to fulfil such an important office."

"I will try to be a learned man before I begin to preach or to teach. You say our minister tries to teach us something every Sunday. He is the master, we are the pupils. We go to school, then, don't we, mother?"

"Yes, my child. If we are humble-minded and teachable, we may always be learning something of our duty towards God and man, especially on the Sabbath, when we have leisure for earnest thought and consideration. But we go to church for another reason. It is to worship the Almighty, in gratitude for all He has done for us and given us in this beautiful world. Especially are we bound to thank Him for the Divine Mission of His well-beloved son Christ Jesus, who may be to us the Way, the Truth, and the Life, as we are told in the New Testament. Do you find in your heart that you love God with all your heart—that you love God with all your mind, and soul, and strength; and that you love the Lord Jesus for all he did for you in suffering such bitter persecution and laying down his life for the souls of men?"

"Mother, when I lie on my bed at night, and don't sleep, I think of these things, and wish so much I could see into heaven, and be with God and Christ even for a little while."

"The time will come, my dear little son, when we shall all enjoy this privilege and see God as He is, and love Him with a perfect love, unshackled by the affairs of this world. Then may we hope also to be welcomed by the Lord Jesus, who waits to receive his faithful followers with the glorious words, 'Come ye blessed of my Father; receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.' What delight, my darling, may we not experience in rejoining our loved friends and relations and rejoicing with them in the presence of God and His Christ."

"We shall see my dear father again, mother?"

"This is our great hope my child. Our separation from him now is but for a moment as it were. He is gone before into a safe haven to receive us when *our* lives too are over. I never feel as if my dear friends are lost when death occurs. I say to myself, 'They are now safe from the evils and trials of this world, rejoicing in the liberty of the sons of God. I shall rejoin them if I do well and obey the commands of my heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus. Then I pray to be strengthened to perform my duty in this world that I may reap a blessed reward in the next—of being for ever with my beloved ones."

"This is why you are always so happy and cheerful, mamma. I never see you gloomy like our neighbour ——."

"Well, never mind, Walter dear; in speaking of ourselves we must compare ourselves with ourselves; that is, we must think of what we were formerly, and try to become better day by day, not finding fault with other people."

"Mother, you are so good. I do love you so much. I wish I could always be like you."

"There is a higher example, dearest, which you must try to follow. May the blessing of God and His Christ be with your endeavours, my child."

"I will say amen to that mother, as you have taught me in my prayers," said the little boy, as he folded his arms around his loving parent. R. E.

CUSTOMS AMONG THE RUSSIANS.

An Oriental is a man of prayer. He seems to live for heaven and for earth; and even in his commonest acts he pays respect to what he holds to be a celestial law. One hand is clean, the other is unclean. One cup is lawful, another cup is unlawful. If he rises from his couch, a prayer is on his lips; if he sits down to rest, a blessing is in his heart. When he buys and when he sells, when he eats and when he drinks, he remembers that the Holy One is nigh. If poor in purse, he may be rich in grace; his cabin a sanctuary, his craft a service, his daily life an act of prayer.

Enter into a Russian shed—you find a chapel. Every room in that shed is sanctified; for in every room there is a sacred image, a domestic altar, a household god. The inmate steps in that room with reverence; standing for a moment at the threshold, baring his head, crossing himself, and uttering a saintly verse. Once in the house, he feels himself in the Presence, and every act of his life is dedicated to Him in whom we live and move. "Slava Bogu"—Glory to God—is a phrase for ever on his lips; not as a phrase only to be uttered in a light vein, as a formal act, but with an inward bending and confession of the soul. He fasts very much, and pays a respect beyond our measure to sacred places and to sacred things. He thinks day and night of his angel; and payments are made by him at church to be addressed in his name to that guardian spirit. He finds a divine enjoyment in the sound of cloister bells, a foretaste of heaven in kneeling near the bones of saints.

The Church is with a Russian early and late. A child is hardly considered as born into the world unless he has been blessed by the pope and made by him a "servant of God." As the child begins, so he goes on. The cross which he receives in baptism—which he receives in cradle—and carries to his grave—is but a sign. Religion goes with him to his school, his playground, and his workshop. Every act of his life must begin with supplication and end with thanks. A school has a set of prayers for daily use; with forms to be used in commencing a term, on parting for holidays, on engaging a new teacher, on opening a fresh course. It is the same with boys who work in the mill and on the farm. Every one has his office to recite and his fast to keep. The fasting is severe; and more than half the days in a Russian year are days of fasting and humiliation.

During the seven weeks before Easter no flesh, no fish, no milk, no eggs, no butter can be touched. For five or six weeks before St. Peter's Day and for six weeks before Christmas Day no flesh, no milk, no eggs can be used. For fifteen days in August a fast of great severity is held in honour of the Virgin's death. A man must fast on every Wednesday and Friday throughout the year, eating nothing save fish. Besides keeping these public fasts a man should fast the whole week before making his confession and receiving the sacrament; abstaining from every dainty, from sugar, cigarettes, and everything cooked with fire. On the eve of Epiphany—the day for blessing the water—no one is suffered to eat or drink until the blessing has been given, about four o'clock, when the consecrated water may be sipped, and dinner must be eaten with a joyful heart.

Every new house in which a man lives, every new shop which he opens for trade, must be blessed. A man who moves from one lodging to another must have his second lodging purified by religious rites. Ten or twelve times a year the parish priest, attended by his reader and his deacon, enters the rooms with holy water, cleanses them with prayer, and signs them with crosses. In his marriages, on his dying bed, the Church is with a Russian even more than at his birth and baptism.

Marriage, held to be a sacrament, and poetically a man's coronation, is a long and intricate affair, consisting of many offices, most of them perfect in symbolism as they are lovely in art. Prayers are recited, rings are exchanged, and blessings invoked, after which the ceremony is performed—an actual circling of the brows with a golden rim. "Ivan, servant of God," cries the pope, as he puts the circlet on his brow, "is crowned with Nadia, handmaid of God." The bride is crowned with Ivan, servant of God. Some people wear their bridal crowns for a week, then put them back in the sacristy and obtain a blessing in exchange. Religion touches

the lowliest life with a passing ornament. The bride is always a queen, the groom is always a king on his wedding day.—*Free Russia.*

MOTHERS OF EMINENT MEN.

THOMAS GRAY.—The well-known observation that great men have remarkable mothers is verified in the case of Gray. Unusual were his obligations to her, and with unusual filial love and reverence were they repaid. He, only, of twelve children, survived the age of infancy; the rest died from suffocation induced by fulness of blood, and his life was only saved by his mother's courage in opening one of his veins with her own hands when the paroxysm attacked him. At Eton and at Cambridge he depended on her for his support. We gather from a written statement, submitted by Mrs. Gray to an eminent lawyer, in 1735, when she vainly sought relief from her cruel position, an idea of her unpleasant situation. She declares "that she hath been no charge to the said Philip (her brutal husband), and during all the said time hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a year for his shop, almost providing everything for her son while at Eton College, and now he is at the Peter House in Cambridge. Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, pounding, and with the most vile and abusive language; and that she hath been in the utmost fear and danger of her life. This she was resolved, if possible, to bear, and not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him, since his father won't." Such devoted maternal affection could hardly fail to call forth marked filial piety in return. To bring up and educate a son in a proper manner is, under many advantages, a work of vast importance; and in this connection it rises to the highest point of sublimity. For there is no finer instance of true heroism than that of a mother labouring and denying herself for the accomplishment of that end alone, unsustained, opposed and counteracted by those who ought to aid and assist her.

LEIGH HUNT.—Leigh Hunt's mother was of American birth, and had "no accomplishments, but, the best of all, a love of nature and a love of books." She was a woman of great energy of principle, though timid and gentle almost to excess. During his infancy he was delicate and sickly, and was watched over with great solicitude by his mother, who imparted to him her excessive tenderness and love of nature and of books. Mrs. Hunt was a Universalist, and almost a Republican; somewhat intolerant, but only in theory, her charity always running before her faith. She was fond of poetry, and encouraged her son's perseverance by treasuring up his verses and showing them to his friends. She was also fond of music, and a "gentle singer." Her son looks back with a pleasant and affectionate recollection of the songs of that day, of which, as well as in the pastoral poetry of the time, "the feeling was true, though the expression was somewhat sophisticate." The secret of Hunt's power lies in the ultra sympathetic sensibility which he learned of his mother, and the natural cheerfulness which he inherited from his father. He describes his mother as:

"A gentle wife,
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,
An hour for mother's work, and singing low,
While her tired husband and her children sleep."

PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT.

AVOID all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

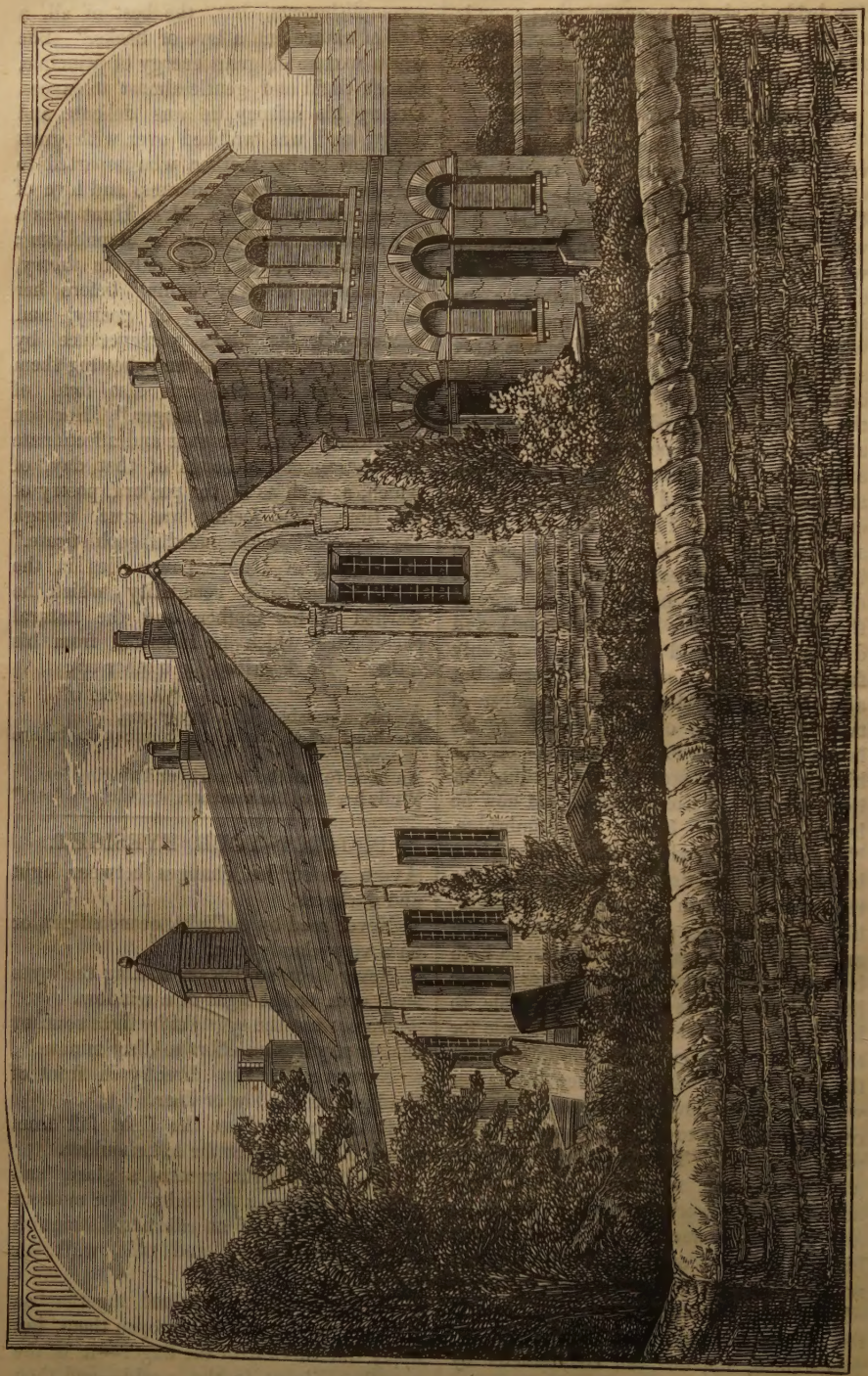
Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish that moment cease, and talk, walk, or ride.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—and then wash your eyes and face in warm water.



PARK LANE CHAPEL.

PARK LANE CHAPEL.

The ejectment of the Rev. James Wood from the vicarage of Ashton-in-the-Willows, by the black Bartholomew Act, was the cause of the assembling together for worship of some sturdy friends of religious liberty in a large room of a cottage, the residence of a yeoman, a family of the name of Blinstone, and situated in the "Nook," a short distance from the hamlet of Park-lane. A member of this family, Thomas, being intended for the ministry, was sent as a student to the care of the celebrated Mr. Frankland, and became eventually pastor of the little flock. When the times appeared brighter, and the means had been laboriously accumulated, the building of the chapel was commenced, and in 1697 it was dedicated to the untramelled worship of Almighty God, by pastor and people, doubtless with hearts to the throne of all grace, and with fervent congratulations upon the happy fulfilment of their pious wishes. Mr. Blinstone died 1721, aged 48, and was interred in the chapel yard, having been minister 24 years. He was maternal grandfather of the Rev. Thomas Barnes, D.D., of Cross-street chapel, Manchester. A Mr. Gardner succeeded, who resigned 1724, and was followed by the Rev. Samuel Park, who also resigned in a few years. He subsequently settled at Prescot, where he died in 1775, aged 72 years.

The election of the Rev. John Brownlow took place in 1729. This gentleman seems to have belonged to a Rivington family, and which is rendered very probable from his great intimacy with Lord Willoughby of Parham. He was minister for the long period of 59 years, and died in 1788, aged 85, and was there buried. From his great age a co-pastor, the Rev. Hezekiah Kirkpatrick, was chosen to assist him in his duties, which continued for two years, after which Mr. Kirkpatrick became sole minister. He was previously at the Octagon Chapel, Liverpool, built for Dr. Clayton. He published a volume of sermons, the preface to which, containing a carefully written and explicit avowal of the principles of dissent, manifestly exhibits that, from popular ignorance or indifference, a great misconception of such principles was very prevalent. Mr. Kirkpatrick died 1799, aged 61, and was there interred, having been minister thirteen years.

His successor, Rev. Thomas Broadbent, nephew of Rev. William Broadbent, of Warrington, removed to this place from Mansfield, was chosen in 1800, died 1811, in the eleventh year of his ministry, and was here interred, aged 35 years.

The Rev. Thomas Smith, once a popular Methodist preacher at Stockport, but subsequently of Stand and Risley, commenced his pastoral duties, May 1812, and resigned September, 1822, having been pastor ten years. He retired altogether from ministerial duties to reside at his native place, Boughton, near Chester, where he died in 1835.

A Sunday school in connection with the chapel, was commenced in 1813. The church, as by law established, being watchful that its domination should not be entrenched upon, demanded, it is said, that the children instructed at the school should attend the neighbouring episcopalian chapel at Ashton, at stated times, for the purpose of repeating the Church Catechism. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that the request was utterly disregarded.

The Rev. Francis Knowles, from Nantwich, was elected May, 1823, and having been minister thirty-four years, died Oct., 1857, in his 73rd year, and was interred at the cemetery at Sheffield, of which town he was a native. In 1824 the first subscription of one guinea was made to the Unitarian fund for the protection of civil rights, &c. Considerable agitation was produced in 1825, amongst the Lancashire dissenters, caused by a sharp attack by the Calvinists on the ignorantly or maliciously styled "Socinians," for holding chapels and trust property, said to be founded for orthodox purposes. Subsequently a legal process was successfully instituted to obtain possession of the "Lady Hewley Fund," and reports became very prevalent that measures were in progress to force from the heterodox the coveted property, of which it was asserted they were in unjust possession. This naturally produced a defensive movement, resulting in an appeal to the Houses of Parliament for protection, supported by petitions (one being forwarded from Park-lane), and in spite of energetic but questionable opposition, the "Dissenters' Chapels Bill" became law in 1844.

In 1858 the Rev. James Bayley was chosen minister. He was a native of Devonport, of orthodox descent, and after

occupying several pulpits in the South, and being engaged in missionary labours at Bristol, he removed to Stockport, and afterwards to Park-lane. In 1864 he resigned, and emigrated to Canada, having been minister six years.

The Rev. George Fox, previously at Mossley, near Oldham, accepted an unanimous invitation to the vacant pulpit in 1864. By his unwearied exertions new schools were built and opened in 1867, the old ones, though twice enlarged, having become too small, besides being very inconvenient. It is pleasing to record that his indefatigable labours are eminently successful.

The congregation are now making an effort to re-pew and renovate the chapel, which is sadly out of repair.

MOSES' DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION.

Dr. R. Payne Smith, in his Bampton Lectures, delivered in the University of Oxford, in 1869, concedes that "Moses did not clearly teach the doctrine of a future judgment and of an eternal state of rewards and punishments." Thus does another leading scholar of the orthodox community admit what has been claimed by our household of faith from the first, that this terrible doctrine of endless punishment was not revealed by Jehovah to the lawgivers of Israel. For it is scarcely conceivable that if it had been revealed to him he would have hidden it in his own heart and not have written it out with fearful emphasis on his pages. He could not have been ignorant that such a doctrine was current among the Egyptians, for he was learned in all their wisdom; and had the spirit of God moved him to proclaim it, he would surely have done so. It is absurd to suppose him engaged in giving all details for the observance of fast days and Sabbaths, ablutions, the eating of meats, and construction of places of worship, and pointing out the minutest as well as the greatest of earthly retributions; and yet carrying such a doctrine as this in his head and in his heart, and keeping silent for ever respecting its truth. Had God revealed it to him, or sanctioned it, he would have proclaimed it; the fact that he did not is a sufficient proof that it is one of the inventions which men have sought out.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

In the year 1816 there lived in Lyons two young physicians, the sole stay and support of a large family of orphan brothers and sisters.

The elder of the two, Louis Montain by name, fell, however, into terrible trouble, one of his patients having been detected in a conspiracy against the Government; and it having been proved that the physician knew about it, and yet had not denounced the traitor, he was thrown into prison on a five year sentence, besides having to pay a heavy fine.

Montain had certainly been proved guilty in the eye of the law, but he had intended no ill; he was an easy-going young man, and had allowed matters to be spoken of before him which had brought on his ruin.

His little family felt the most bitter grief at the loss of their head, and their grief became despair when Arnaud, the second son, on returning from visiting his brother in prison, declared that his health was suffering from the bad food and from his damp and miserable quarters.

"They talk of moving him to the Chateau d'If, near Marseilles," said Arnaud, gloomily; "if they do it will be certain death, for the dungeons are even damper there than here. Can nothing be done, I wonder?"

But Arnaud was wrong as to his brother's removal, for he learned next day at the prison that orders had come to send off several prisoners, Louis Montain among the number, to Paris.

Paris, however, was far away, and the brother was wretched at the thought of allowing the weakened, fever-stricken prisoner to go out of his sight, for while in Lyons he was often permitted to visit him.

Then it was the thought first struck him that by stratagem he might take his brother's place; he was not unlike him, and in the confusion of a journey to Paris the change might be made. One helper he had, and that was his sister Louise, a girl of fourteen.

The first thing to be done was to get leave to accompany the invalid on his journey to Paris, which was granted, Louise being one of the party, and at the last moment another member of the Montain family, a large and faithful mastiff, joined them.

How they travelled we have not time to tell, it is enough to say that the plan succeeded, the guards had no suspicion of the plot, and while they slept the clothes were changed shortly before reaching Paris, and Arnaud was put into prison, under the name of Louis Montain, while the real offender quietly departed with his sister Louise. Once in Paris all danger of discovery was over. How poor Arnaud's heart sank in his dismal prison there was none to tell ; brotherly love had done and suffered much, but it could not keep him from a feeling of horror and despair at his situation.

One comfort he had ; the mastiff, old Leon, had taken the fancy of the head gaoler, who looked on the dog as his property, but let it roam in the courts and galleries of the prison, where it was not long in discovering the grating of his master's cell, and thrusting its cold nose into his hand.

The gaoler's child, too, now and then took the dog outside the walls of the prison for an airing, and the free air of the outer world seemed greatly to excite the old dog, for he would return barking and capering about till Arnaud could not but smile as he watched him.

Arnaud did not know that the faithful creature had good cause for these signs of joy, but so it was. He had met in the streets and did meet frequently, Louise, his young mistress, who had taken up her abode with her cousin ; was not that cause for joy ? And one day Louise decoyed the gaoler's little boy into a cake-shop, and fed him with the dainties he liked best, while she patted the great dog, and with stealthy fingers fastened a bit of paper under his collar just where the clear white spot on his breast should form no contrast. Then she lifted up a short prayer, "God guide Leon," and whispered into the creature's ear, "Off, back to Arnaud," and the boy wondered why his playmate galloped so hastily back to the prison, and whined and cried to be let in at the great gates. God did guide Arnaud's eyes to the bit of paper, and on it he read, "He is safe in England ;" just those little words, no more.

But it was enough; it showed Arnaud what to do; since Louis was out of harm's way, he would try the effect of a confession.

The prefect was summoned, and to him he told all. "I could not see my brother die," he said, "and so I formed this plan ; no one is to blame but myself, and yet I ask forgiveness and liberty."

History hardly winds up this little story with the distinctness one would desire, but there is nothing to prevent one picturing to oneself a family party by some humble English fireside. Two somewhat sickly-looking young men, a blooming girl, and a troop of little ones, all chattering in a foreign tongue, safe at last, though exiled from their country.

Brotherly love had prevailed, Louis and Arnaud were both free.

BISHOP COLENSO'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.

DISGUISED UNITARIANISM.

Bishop Colenso writes to an intimate friend in Natal :—"I duly received your letter, and read it with the deepest interest. As to the questions you put to me, though I have always refused, and always shall, to give an answer to those who demand from me a profession of my faith, yet to a Christian brother like yourself, writing in so loving a spirit, I must say something which (under God) may help to quiet and comfort your mind. I believe fully in the Divinity of Christ—that in him God was manifested in the flesh, the Divine in the human. I believe, also, fully in the atonement of Christ, that God was in Christ reconciling (at-one-ing) the world unto Himself, not imputing our trespasses unto us. But I need hardly say that in explaining my views, both on the Incarnation and Atonement, I should not at all agree with many (so-called) 'orthodox' preachers and writers ; and I do not believe that our salvation depends on our having an orthodox creed, but on our faith working in our life by love. The Master has said, 'Blessed are the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart,' not 'Blessed are those who keep whole and undefiled all the articles of the Athanasian creed.'

"I have delayed my reply for a few days, having had much extra work on my hands in connection with the recent important meetings in Maritzburg, and for the same reason I am now obliged to write off-hand and in haste."

His friend asked if he had any objection to his making these words public, and he had none.

YOUR SUNSET HOURS.

TO AGED UNITARIANS.

If there be a refuge from the natural evils and weakness of old age; if there can be acquired conditions of life that can accompany to the very brink of the grave, and be beauty when the eye is dim, and music when the ear is closed; if there can be, towards the end of a long pilgrimage, in which you have borne the burden and the heat of the day, a heartfelt satisfaction that you have not laboured in vain or toiled for naught—surely some of those joys, soft, sweet, and refreshing, now hover around your sunset hours. Many of us, younger people, look toward you with reverence and admiration, for you have lived through a period of some perils in history, and you have carried onward through that period of much self-denial the banner of religious truth and freedom. The respect shown to the Unitarians of to-day has been earned by your intelligence and virtue, your faithfulness through a long season of relative persecution and threatening harm. In the earlier days of your profession penal laws were standing unrepealed, and you were liable to be carried to prison for the open avowal of your faith. You preferred a good conscience to personal safety, and attended a despised meeting-house, where a rational faith and scriptural worship were found, in preference to the fashionable and established churches. And you are now sometimes told by those who are coquetting with popular assemblies, and by persons —Unitarians—who can profess that they care little whether they worship or not in Unitarian churches, and are attending services and joining in forms of religion and expressions of prayer repugnant to their clearest conviction, during which they are bound to admit they are feeding on superstition and there is a lie in their right hand—you are told at times by those faithless ones that your life has been a failure, that your self-denial and all your sacrifices, from your youth up, to sustain and diffuse the Gospel of the blessed God, have been marked with no success; while other Churches which started into being about the same time as the Unitarian Church have gathered in tens of thousands, and you still remain the members of a little flock. It is to this allegation we wish to offer a few words of reply. Whatever success or failure has attended your church life—or sect life, as it is called —you have done your duty, and you have that satisfaction now. You hoped for no personal honour or present life reward, and you have now the inward peace that springs from all such faithful services. But we wish to add, that the great principles of religious faith, as found in the teaching of the Saviour, for which you have battled, and many of the subordinate things of religious life you esteemed and stood outside of the multitude to advance, are now becoming popular. Your places of worship may not yet have had the honour of welcoming the people, but something of infinitely more importance has happened, the views you entertained on many great questions are now advocated and welcomed by millions of the people. This state of society has not come round of itself. The quiet and upright life of you and your companions, and the masterly and irrefutable arguments you presented, have won their way. To you we are indebted for the results. At the beginning of this century what a howl was raised against your advocacy of a revised version of the New Testament. That storm has subsided, and now you witness the leading scholars of all churches engaged in Bible revision. The attempt made by the leading bishops of the Upper House of Convocation to expel the Unitarian from the list of the revisers met with reproof and displeasure everywhere. The other day a Peer in the House of Lords declared himself disgusted with the "Athanasian Creed" in more severe language than you probably ever used. The doctrine of a personal devil and endless punishment, and other absurd doctrines you opposed, have lost their hold upon the churches. Distinguished bishops and deans are declaring that the worship of God the Father is the only true Christian worship, while they still continue to retain their emoluments and positions in their churches. And so the spirit of great theological and ecclesiastical changes is like a leaven in society, and will leaven the whole lump. The State Church in Ireland has been abolished, and the same reform is at hand in England and Scotland. This is a consummation you aimed at when young, but could scarcely hope to see the eve of such a day in your

life-time. You have helped onward great political and social changes to final success. We honour you, and we beg you not to allow the frivolous, who, unlike you, are unwilling to be identified with a small society, to disturb your calm, and to throw discredit upon the wisdom, self-denial, and honour of your life.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

ONCE on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said :—

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me to the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree.

And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf :—

"Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came the leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were scarlet, and some were striped with colours. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said :

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these colours because of their joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was very gay in colours it saw that the branches of the tree had no colours in them, and so the leaf said :—

"O, branch, why are you lead-coloured, and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done ; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over, and then it fell gently down under the edge of a fence, among hundreds of leaves, and it never walked up to tell us what it dreamed about.—*The Nation.*

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER, D.D.

EVERYONE has heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta. The name is black with horror; it is the symbol of all that is fearful in suffering and fiendish in cruelty.

The Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, had hated the English from a child. He resolved to drive them from his country, and with a great army marched against Fort William. The governor and commandant, who were miserable cowards, fled on his approach. After a feeble resistance the fort was taken, with many English prisoners. "Then and there," says Macaulay, "was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed."

The prison was known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. It was 20ft. square—the air-holes were small and choked. Even for a single European that dungeon would have been too small in such a climate. It was in the dead heat of summer, when, with all appliances of fans and draughts in the largest halls, the heat is almost intolerable to the natives of England. Into this small and horrible place one hundred and forty-six prisoners were forced by the bayonet, and the door shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction approaches the horrors of that night, as recounted by the survivors. They cried for mercy, strove to burst the door, to tear out the bars of the loophole. They offered large bribes—they sought in every possible way to touch the hearts of their guards. They were told there was nothing for them but to remain there all night—that the Nabob was asleep, and would not be disturbed. Then, says the historian,

"The prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—they raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored their guards to fire among them. The jailers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims.

"At length as the night wore on the awful tumult died away into low gasps and moanings. The day broke, light came on,

and the Nabob allowed the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors by piling up the heaps of corpses on either side, on which the burning heat of the climate had already begun to do the work of corruption. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of that charnel-house. One hundred and twenty-three out of one hundred and forty-six had perished! A pit was instantly dug—and the corpses flung in and covered up."

Horrible as is the cruelty of this Indian ruler, and ferocious and shocking as is the revenge he took of his enemies, if the popular theology be correct, this is precisely the line of conduct which God will adopt toward his enemies—only his vengeance will be as much more terrible as the power and wrath of the great God are beyond those of a Hindoo rajah—as much more terrible as the torments of eternity exceed those of a single summer night.

Those believing in this theology are not accustomed to look at it from this side, do not often make these comparisons. They read of the Rajah Dowlah with horror in their hearts and maledictions on their lips; they read of the Black Hole of Calcutta with faintness and shuddering, their whole being in revolt against such a monster of inhumanity. And yet, all this while they are holding to a creed, the God of which is infinitely more cruel in the vengeance with which he visits all his enemies—in a creed which announces a hell, before the terrors and tortures of which the Black Hole of Calcutta sinks below mention, and is not worthy a single thought.

These are not words, but facts, naked, stubborn, against which no protestations, no cry of impiety or misrepresentation will have the least weight. If the doctrine of endless torment is true under any circumstances, if this is the disposition which God makes of his enemies, if this is the way in which he hates those who hate him, and curses those who curse him—then what we have said is simply and terribly true, and no show of holy horror will alter the case one iota. It were better and wiser to look the facts in the face, and see what is to be done with them—or rather, with the doctrine.

The cruelty and fierce revenge of the rajah was frightful enough—but then he was a man, full of weakness and passion, and his country had suffered great wrongs from his enemies. He was a heathen; he had never read the Sermon on the Mount; knew nothing of Jesus or his religion of forgiveness and love, of good for evil, and blessing for cursing. It is not so strange then for this fierce savage to take his fell revenge.

But God, whose wrath is so much more dreadful, whose vengeance against his enemies is so much more awful in itself, and endless beside—he is all wisdom, and without weakness or temptation; above all injury from man; and, more than all, he commands us to "love our enemies;" and yet he will take this dire vengeance on those who offend against him; he will drive his enemies into the great prison of hell—compared with which, the Black Hole of Calcutta was a paradise—and to which there will come no morning, no opening of the door at last, no death to end their terrific suffering and despair! And while we are called upon to shrink away with disgust from the Hindoo tyrant, we are expected to love and adore and glorify this God with all our hearts ! !

The bare statement of such propositions is a sufficient demonstration of their falsehood. And it is a marvel that a theology so shocking in its absurdity, so revolting to the best affections of our nature, can command the faith or respect of any person of reflection and feeling.

THE WORD "UNITARIAN."

THERE are many difficulties in the way of speaking upon the word "Unitarian," partly because it is a word which applies to many more persons than those who specifically adopt it, partly because of the great varieties of belief which exist among avowed Unitarians. I can, therefore, only do my best to tell you what I understand by the word "Unitarian," and to whom I conceive it of right to belong, drawing my information from the sources of my own individual experience and pretty extensive reading on the subject. It is with the word "Unitarian," and not the words "Socinian" and "Arian," that I have at this moment to do. In La Plata the word Unitarian has reference to a political theory. In that

country a Unitarian is one who advocates a central rather than a federal form of government, as appropriate for the community in which he lives; and, more recently, in Italy, the friends of the unity of the Italian people are beginning to be called Unitarians. Bayle, in his great dictionary, arguing against Manicheism, or the scheme of creation and Providence, which teaches that there are two Eternal Principles—light and darkness—inhering in two Eternal Beings, one of whom is good and the other evil, contends for a unity of origin and administration throughout universal nature, by the name Unitarianism, although Bayle himself was an avowed Trinitarian. A Unitarian, as such, is one who believes in the absolute, uncompounded unity of God; that God is one Person, one Being, one Agent, one Mind, one Will; that he is One as an Individual, numerically as well as morally. Hence Jews, Mahommedans, Deists, many of the thoughtful Hindoos, and the equally thoughtful Persians, are Unitarians. Four hundred millions of the human race consent in the professed rejection of Polytheism, and in the belief of one God the Creator and Governor of the Universe. But the word Unitarian has Christian associations, and has found a place in the records of the history of the Christian Church. It must, therefore, be looked at from the stand-point of Christianity. Now, all persons who profess and call themselves Christians, but who at the same time reject the tripersonality of God, or the doctrine that there are three Persons in one God, and believe in one God in one Person only, are Unitarians, whatever else they may believe or reject. The Socinians in Poland, who while they believe in the simple humanity of Christ, nevertheless offer him divine worship as to God; Arians who (like myself) believe in the pre-existence of Christ; and Humanitarians, who, agreeing with Socinians as to the nature of Christ, differ from them as to the right of offering him divine worship, are, one and all, Unitarians, not because they agree in their beliefs as to other Christian matters, but because they are all of them agreed in rejecting the tripersonalty of God, and in holding to His absolute Unity. As to the number of Unitarians in the world, it is difficult to speak with precision; for in addition to those persons who know themselves to be Unitarians, and openly profess that fact, and who attend Unitarian places of worship, there are others, who while they do not disguise their Unitarian opinions, either stay at home Sunday after Sunday, or attend Trinitarian places of worship where Unitarian chapels do not exist. There are also persons who hold Unitarian sentiments, and know that they do so, but who disguise their sentiments, "because they love the praise of men more than than the praise of God;" and, lastly, there are those who hold Unitarian opinions who are not conscious of doing so, and who are therefore at present in the ranks of our opponents. But many of the clergy and members of the Reformed Church of France are Unitarians, and the same remark applies to Switzerland, especially to Geneva. There are also Unitarians in Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Holland. In Transylvania, a portion of the Austrian empire, there are 106 Unitarian Societies, with 50,000 members, presided over by a bishop. In America there are 315 Unitarian Societies and 380 Unitarian Ministers. There are, also in that country, the Christian denomination and the Hicksite quakers, the Universalists holding with the Unitarian conception of God, and having something like 600,000 members in their communities. In England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the places of worship used by Unitarians are variously named, some of them being called Presbyterian, others Unitarian, others General Baptist. Many think the Unitarian doctrine to be a new one, although several of the Christian fathers down to the middle of the fourth century taught it, while the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed are both of them, if not avowedly yet essentially Unitarian. It is said that we are infidels, that we are not Christians, that we do not hold the fundamentals of religion, that we deny Christ, and disbelieve the Bible; all of which charges are vague, and as ignorant and false as they are vague. That the double charge of coldness and of laziness often made against us is true I most sorrowfully admit, and care not how soon the criticisms of our opponents may shame us into greater zeal and sacrifice. F. R. Young.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

CONTRADICTIONS.—Saurin says, "If God were to command us to believe contradictions, he would cease to be infallibly true; because nothing is more contradictory to truth than self-contradiction."

MAMMA: "It's very naughty of you, Fanny, to say you won't have your dinner, and really wicked to says it's nasty, after having said your grace so prettily!" Fanny: "Yes, but, mamma, I wouldn't have said grace if I'd known it was Irish stew!"—*Christian Union.*

LOVING GOD.—Fenelon says: "To love God is to make his will ours; it is to obey faithfully his law; it is to abhor sin. To love God is to love all that Jesus Christ loved—poverty, humiliation, suffering; it is to hate what he hated—the vanities of the world, our own passions."

IDEA OF HEAVEN.—A sweet little girl said to her mother: "If I were to die and go to Heaven, should I wear my new silk dress?" "Oh, no, my child; we can't expect angels to wear silk dresses in Heaven." "Well, ma, how will the angels know I belong to the best society?"

IDEA OF HAPPINESS.—A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dinner, she said: "I've been to see Mrs.——." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy! Well I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's-hair shawl two-thirds border."

NOT HIS MINISTER.—A minister was walking out one day and passed two little boys, one of whom made a bow. As he turned back he heard the following amusing conversation: "Why, John, didn't you know that was Parson M.?" "Yes, of course I did." "Why did you not make a bow to him?" "Why, mother don't belong to his church."

JESUS.—He walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago; his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men, and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts, and modulates and divinely leads them.—*Carlyle.*

WHOLESALE BAPTISM.—Strolling into the Old Church at Manchester I heard a strange noise, which I should elsewhere have mistaken for the bleating of lambs. Going to the spot, a distant aisle, I found two rows of women standing in files, each with a babe in her arms. The minister went down the line, sprinkling each infant as he went. I suppose the efficiency of the sprinkling—I mean the fact that the water did touch—was evidenced by a distinct squeal from each. Words were muttered by the priest on his course, but one prayer served for all. This I thought to be a christening by wholesale, and I could not repress the irreverent thought that, being in the metropolis of manufacturers, the aid of steam or machinery might be called in. I was told that on Sunday evenings the ceremony is repeated.—*Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson.*

RESIST EVIL.—Old Nicolas Siams, who was blind, was a member some fifty years ago in one of our chapels. He earned his bread and cheese by knitting stockings. He was a pious old man, and exercised a beneficial influence over the minds of many of the young men of the congregation, one of whom once asked him if any evil thoughts ever presented themselves to him. His reply was: "I cannot stop the crow to alight on my head, but I can stop her from making her nest there."

NARROW-MINDEDNESS tends to wickedness because it does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature. Thus a man may have one or more virtues, such as are, according to his favourite ideas, in great perfection, and still be nothing, because these ideas are his idols, and worshipping them with all his heart, there is a portion of his heart, more or less considerable, left without its proper object, guide, and nourishment; and so the portion left is the dominion of evil.—*Dr. Arnold.*

BRAVERY.—Charles XII., King of Sweden, was a remarkably brave man. One day when he was dictating letters to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof and into the next room of the house where they were sitting. The secretary, terrified lest the house should be blown down upon them, dropped his pen out of his hand. "What is the matter?" asked the king, calmly. Ah! sire, the bomb," stammered the secretary. "And what has the bomb got to do with what I am dictating to you?" said the king. "Continue." How nice it would be for all boys and men if they could be as brave in doing good deeds and saying good words.

A KISS THAT MADE A PAINTER.—A little boy named Benjamin West, living in Pennsylvania, was set to watch a baby asleep in a cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished that he could draw a picture of the baby: and seeing a piece of paper on a table, with pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink, and paper; and then he showed her the picture he had made. His mother saw baby's likeness, and was so much pleased that she kissed her little boy. Then he said if she liked it he would make a picture of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on from that time, trying to do better, until he became one of the best painters in the world. In after-life he said that it was this kiss from his mother that made him an artist.

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 56, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, London, S.E., and all Business Letters to EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.